



The West Saxon

Autumn Term.

AUGMENTED EDITION,
including

Summer Term, ?
1930.

WESSEX.

The Annual Magazine published by University College, Southampton, designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a University of Wessex, and also to provide an annual review of intellectual affairs for the district of Wessex.

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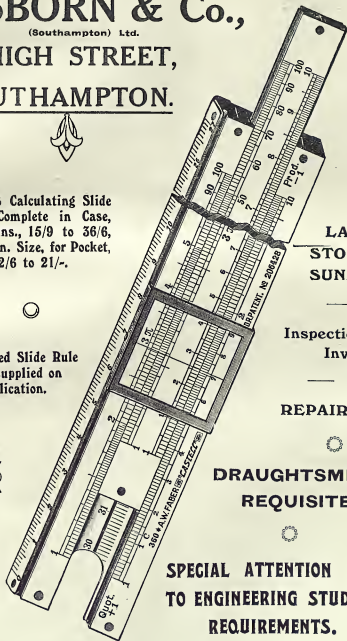
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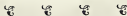
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No. 1.

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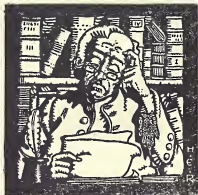
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EDITORIAL.



WE refuse to allow the tears of a harassed editor to soil our virgin page and because we are young in our occupation of the editorial chair, we admit to our being sublimely optimistic. We have sufficient faith in the capabilities of such past contributors as are still with us to beg the continuance of their literary activities, and in university education to believe that there are a sufficient number of undergraduates who take writing seriously enough to reach a high standard of success. But there are those who know not "The West Saxon." You, Freshers, who have idled in corridors, and been bullied by officials of strange Societies, have yet remained serenely unresponsive

to the eloquent appeals of an anxious staff. The Fair Idea stays uncoaxed and coy. If, and whenever you think, write, and entrust the resultant production to our paternally careful and encouraging criticism. Be assured that if there is amongst us an "inglorious Milton," we would impress the fact that it is solely because he is "mute" that he is "inglorious." We can promise him an audience if he will only seek its ear. Never waste your sweetness on the desert air.

It may be that we are indulging in fantastic and improbable dreams when we imagine that our editorial den will be submerged in brand new manuscripts in response to this plaintive appeal, but such a condition is not impossible and though we, an editor, say it, it would be surprisingly gratifying. Let us offer a word of advice to the responsive.

The verse that appears in this issue has reached a high standard. Let there be no decline. May we have a short story and more articles in our next issue. We should like to increase our Correspondence Section. Be interesting, be amusing, be provocative if you can, and, Secretaries of Societies, don't be so dreary. Let this be an incipient movement to stimulate brighter reports from Secretaries.

We feel it incumbent on us to inform the ignorant that we are including in this number, articles received by our predecessor for publication last Summer in a number which, unfortunately, failed to appear, and we crave the tolerance of those upon whom we must necessarily inflict "stale news" in the form of articles and comments pertaining to the Summer Term.

With that behind us, with the copy we have, and with the maintenance of our optimism, unjustifiable or not, we look forward to publishing our next number. We have, we are afraid, broken all traditions of editorials by being serious and optimistic, and by attempting to awake the spirit of our contributors, an interference crammed with hazards. We will no longer indulge in melancholy introspection and with a few deft strokes of the pen we will say nothing more.

TOPSY VISITS U.C.S.

MY DEAR,

I had *the* most marvellous time the other day. I went to visit a friend of mine who is studying—or at least, that's what she *says*, my dear—at one of those Higher Education for Women places—you know the sort of thing; only this one is rather different as there are a few men there too, in fact quite a number of them, if you only know *where* to find them. We went first of all to the place where she lives, a sort of hospital-hotel affair, with a large handful of boarding-house thrown in, so lusciously bohemian, my dear, I'm sure you wouldn't have recognised me. But anyhow, it *did* have a most *impressive* entrance, positively pillared portico, pure Park Lane effect. Well, anyhow, my dear, she showed me her own sleeping apartment, sort of semi-private—and, my dear, it's positively scandalous, but she's got a whole English climate coming in at the ceiling of that room whenever it *thinks* of raining outside. Of course it saves all the terrible expense of erecting those definitely neck-breaking fire escape affairs, like the rope ladders and things on ships. But I definitely *shivered* when she casually mentioned being there during a *snow*-storm, though it was definitely an ice-cream day outside.

Well, my dear, next thing we did was to go through the wood which, you know was positively *lurking* with quite the dangerousest men simply *waiting* for us to speak to them, but she'd been there before, and passed them by as though she knew them. I was *so* relieved when we got on to the safe side and could walk straight on decently like well-bred English girls. But she, well, she was practically nonchalant about it.

Then we came to a most *architectural* looking building which looked *just* like a pre-Raphaelite jam factory—perfect in every detail, you know, my dear. Only when I got closer I knew it couldn't be *jam* because it was definitely *odoriferous* with roses which were growing most profusely all *over* the walls of the *whole* building. "Here we are," she said, so I asked, "Where?" and then suddenly I realised that this was where we were coming to. So we went in at the gate marked "OUT" just to show we weren't really cars or bicycles, whatever you might think, and I went straight across a most marvellously bowling-green lawn while she walked all the way round it on a gravel path with deep holes and loose stones scattered all *over* it. She told me *not* to go there, but really, I was her guest and guests can *always* do what they like, can't they? Anyway, when she caught me up she looked at me as though I'd committed a most murderous crime; just as the magistrate looks when I've forgotten my license, and they *say* I was driving at a miserable 40 miles an hour, so I just looked at her as I always look at the magistrate, but somehow it didn't *seem* to have *quite* the same effect. For all she said was that it wasn't tradition—whatever on earth that may be—and that you weren't allowed to walk on the grass at Oxford or Cambridge; and she was *most* superior about it all, my dear. So as I'm a nice peaceable little creature, and simply can't *stand* rows at *any* price, I suggested a cocktail, and she said you couldn't. I was positively stupefied, and I said "But you can at Oxford and Cambridge," and my dear, you'd scarcely believe it, but she got really *wild* about that, and of course she couldn't *show* it so that made it all the worse.

As she'd said before that we could get *coffee* here, we thought we'd just go and get some of that positively ambrosial beverage. So, my dear, she led me into a queer sort of a passage way with a *marvellous* wavy roof; and she quite converted me most *finally* to the Darwinian theory, for there were some outrageously anthropoid creatures walking about all *over* the roof; I couldn't *think* what they were doing up there, unless

TOPSY VISITS U.C.S.

they were converting this into real thoroughbred cloisters, just like they have at Oxford and Cambridge, you know. And, my dear, on each side of this strange passage-way, there were long narrow huts, just like they used to use in the *War*, and my dear, it gets positively *boiling* in those huts whenever it's the wee-est *bit* warm outside, so I don't see *how* they can ever work there for that's nearly all the room they provide for them. Of course some of the more *pastoral* members of the college *do* disport themselves on the lawns; but the lawns are simply *swarming* with ants, and all *sorts* of strange insects that no one has ever met before. So you see, my dear, you can't really *expect* them to work, under *these* conditions.

So we didn't go on to the lawn, but we went in to one of these huts which, my dear, was simply too positively *stifling* with the heat and the people, who were almost *noisy* with happiness, or cream buns, or something like that. Then she just left me and joined the clamouring crowd in front of the cups, all ranged in rows like toy soldiers. I felt so *terribly* shy at being left there *all* alone, with so *many* people, but as there were some perfectly lovely men round about, I *knew* I was safe, and I felt *so* sorry at having said those perfectly *horrid* things about Oxford and Cambridge, because I don't want to develop into one of those emaciated, angular, *feline* women who are too horribly prevalent everywhere nowadays.

Anyway, I suppose I looked just the tiniest bit lost, you know, because a glorious Adonis sort of man, with beautiful curly golden hair came and talked to me; and, my dear, he had the most *marvellous* sort of costume on—a sort of *virgin* white shirt without *any* sleeves, and little brown shorts, and the *sweetest* little socks, so that his little pink knees were all showing. He looked just too sweet for words; and so I told him; but he was *so* generous and modest and introduced me to another man, who wasn't *nearly* so handsome, but had a simply wonderful shirt. Do you know, my dear, it looked just as though it was made of my *new afternoon frock*—the stuff was exactly the same!! I think it's such a lovely idea—and he said it was all the rage just now for a man to have his shirt made of the *same* material as his fiancée's frock, and I'm simply *longing* to get engaged, just to be able to try that most *fascinating* custom. Just think how lovely they'd look together, of course, it might rather *label* engaged couples, which *might* prove rather awkward at times, my dear.

But, my dear, the loveliest things I saw there were the crowds of little baby moustaches—ever so many of the men had them, so that I *imagined* they must be the badge of some *very* highbrow club, or something like that. Not, of course, that they *improved* their appearance, but it didn't matter the least bit whether they were improved or not, because they'd have needed such an enormous amount of improvement to have made it worth while. But, my dear, I've absolutely *fallen* for ever so many of them—so you can guess I simply *loved* my day there, and I'm going again as soon as *ever* I can get her to invite me.

Yours,

TOPSY.

[My dear Topsy, how too too utterly devastating and positively sick-making. Do absorb, thoroughly, the title of our next weenie little poem.—Ed.]



FUTILITY.

WORDS ! Words ! O why do we hurry
With endless discussion
To find out the reason
For human existence ?
I hate all this worry
So much out of season.

Rain falls without any warning
While we in the twilight
Sit busy o'erturning
Such talk as concerns us
But little ; with morning
The sun is still burning.

Thus God develops the mystery
Of life and creation,
By dull repetition
Of darkness and daylight,
And we in this history
With abject suspicion

Waste lives in search of the powers,
Unknown and unknowing,
That govern all being ;
Yet how could we find them
With eyes such as ours,
Half blinded by seeing ?

There's peace here, and promise of thunder
For black clouds are rising
And breezes are blowing :
And great is the joy we
Feel, gazing in wonder,
Untroubled by knowing.

B. B.



AN EPISTLE.

YOU who are old and sure, can you remember
From the safe certainty of your September
The storms and winds and bitter rains of March
And the torn glimpses of the rainbow arch ?
Can you recall the agonies of youth
Gone stumbling into shadows after truth ?

When our first given torch begins to fade,
When all the learned commandments we obeyed
We see no longer credible or true ;
When all the old has crumbled, and the new
Is yet undreamed, unbuilt, and we tread
Over dim precipices filled with dread ;
When in uncomprehended chaos lies
All that we thought immortal, fair and wise ;
When mists and floating vapours and the night
Suddenly drown the pathway from our sight,
And we go lost and wondering, never sure
To-morrow's sun will light us as before,
While with bedazzled eyes we turn and grope
After the shadowed shadow of a hope
And clasp beliefs we hunger to believe ;
And cannot, though we know them true, and grieve
For those dead selves that questioned without doubt ;
Confused by solemn thunders all about
We battle till we stop, and sink, and weep
And envy age its peace and childhood's sleep,
For we were used to God, and cannot live
Without the assurance he was wont to give.

You cannot help us then ; no love can spare
One small iota of that vast despair,
For our intense and utter loneliness
Is the last misery of our distress.

When we seem mazed and foolish, and despise
Beauty and truth and hope as lovely lies,
Be patient, for you passed this self-same way
Into a twilight nearer to the day,
And though the touch of your torn feet has faded
And we must find the pathway still unaided,
Even the memory of your strength is worn *worn*
In the chill isolation of the storm ;
Your calm assures us that some comfort lies
Beyond the horizon of our weary eyes ;
And through supreme and unfamiliar pain
Where men have passed, a man may pass again.

M. L. H.

BIOLOGY—A BRIEF SURVEY.

DURING the past two or three decades, a form of scientific investigation has been raising itself from the dust of semi-oblivion to such an extent that it bodes well to eclipse the more established pursuits of knowledge. Since the time of Aristotle, Biology has, until comparatively recent years, received very little earnest attention. Investigators were not exclusively at fault since little more could have been accomplished without great provision in research technique and the instruments employed therein.

The mushroom growth of this science of living matter, was due mainly to stimulus of a critical nature. Darwin, himself so gentle and unpretentious, raised a storm of indignation, religious and otherwise, raging most intensely where he was least comprehended, by his publication of the "Origin," in 1859. Nothing more was required to push Biology into the limelight, to be investigated and abused with equal vigour.

The younger generation has been reared amidst changing surroundings. It can adjust itself to a variable mental environment with the result that a more self-reliant, and in many cases, a freer individual has been the outcome. A type of mind has been evolved which can change with the times. This, and we say it without bitterness, is the cause of any incongruity which may exist between the younger and older generations. The intrusion of the modern aspects of Biology into so many affairs of everyday life has evolved, so to speak, parallel with the younger generation.

Are we, then, to witness the end of antagonism towards the biological sciences? Most people, who do not find thinking too strenuous an occupation, are prepared to tolerate Biology, especially in its evolutionary and medical aspects, even though they may resent its intrusion into Eugenics.

Against Biology at present there is pitted a religious prejudice which is fast losing its sting; and also, to some extent a residual resentment, stimulated no doubt by the "milk of human kindness" yet aggravated by an ignorance of biological technique. Those persons are still with us who insist on supporting a society which is anti-something or other, and they abound in the neighbourhood of biological research. Biology has applied itself to medical advancement. He who would introduce social benefits as a result of biological research must indeed be prepared for all he may get. Jenner has, in many circles, been regarded as a potential murderer; even now, in spite of many assurances, vaccination is sometimes resented with fanatical vigour.

Biology has a large number of what we will call, for want of a better name, pseudo-disciples. It is on account of these that it receives so much adverse criticism. The man in the street, too, has his notion of Biology, so often distorted by information of a scurrilous nature, displayed in such rank profusion by sundry publications.

What then, is the present position of Biology? The cleverest biological thinkers of to-day point the way to something far more substantial than the mere satisfaction of curiosity. Biology can explain many phenomena undecipherable without its aid, in simple conceptions, though the explanation may, in some cases, stimulate a feeling of revulsion in the first instance. This revulsion may be caused by that innate tendency of human nature to accept only that which has been so long accepted. Biological dabblers are given to prophecy; they foresee the immediate solution to such problems as the nature of life, perhaps coupled with the establishment of immortality; an idea exploited by early alchemists. There has been, as it were, but the lifting of the veil before the vista of the unexplored.

"Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and alps on alps arise."

M. J. G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

M.C.R.

U.C.S.,

31st October, 1930.

SIR, May I protest, through the medium of your esteemed publication, against the monstrous epidemic of marriages which is sweeping like the plague through the ranks of the younger learned staff of this venerable institution? Permit me, sir, to point out that within one year, no less than three of the brightest stars in our pedagogic firmament have, to all practical intents and purposes, burnt out! Three men—for such they were that are now but husbands—whom we thought wedded to their profession, have shamefully deserted the sacred cause of learning and have, of their own free wills, enmeshed themselves in the strangle-knot of a woman's apron-strings.

It began, as will be remembered, with a certain mathematical luminary who successively delighted and shocked the community by taking, in swift succession, a doctorate and a wife. The uproar subsided and he escaped scathless—because he was a Cambridge man and entitled, it was felt, to a certain measure of indulgence. It was considered as a kind of mental relapse, a regression, an undergraduate prank on the part of a fully-fledged doctor and a Cantab. And then he was forgotten.

About this time, too, there was the mysterious disappearance of a classics lecturer. "Obtained an appointment in London," we were told. But the public wondered: rumour was rife.

No rumour, however, about the next case. X, young, handsome, learned; as pretty a man as ever you might wish to see; also a doctor, becomes enamoured of one full worthy, as the most indignant must admit, to be beloved of any man, but—a student; and him a doctor and all, and very learned.

The romantic were, in their own superlative jargon, "thrilled"; the thoughtful and enlightened were pained; and Science mourned.

And still the tale is untold. There was a young man, a bachelor, you would have said, if ever there was one; a man who loved old pipes, old books, old clothes; a man who wore heavy shoes and a venerable hat, and painted atrocious pictures and wrote shockingly bad poetry; a man who loved the 16th century and whom I love. This man too was a doctor: he too married an ex-student—one who had left these walls but a year since.

Woe is me! I would fain sing the song of the bow: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. . ."

Are the days gone, I wonder, when learning was wooed for her own sake, when, for the love they bore her, men would set themselves above the vain and empty affections of the common run of mortals?

If these considerations are not sufficient, consider the affair from another and more practical point of view. I have been present when Marcus, third-year specialist in Physics, and a stout fellow, has held the Senior Common-room enthralled, with visions of a University where the Undergraduates were married men. I myself beheld him, with eager, panting enthusiasm, with the bright light of prophecy in his eye and the soft smile of ecstasy upon his lips, painting what he called the "joys" of "swotting"

THE WEST SAXON.

in the marital establishment, with a book in one hand and the other round the shoulder of "the wife," whose one function in life seemed to be to sit at the feet of the master, rising occasionally to stroke his study-worn brow. To which I answered "Tosh and bunkum, Sir!!!" and left the room.

You see how we stand? You see the trend of affairs? Oh, Sir, let us take the warning; let us heed the writing on the wall. For I tell you that unless immediate steps be taken to remedy the matter, the whole fabric of British learning is like to perish of rot and inanition. And the reason is not far to seek. It lies in the lamentable invasion of our Universities by women—by hordes of females, Sir! Would that I possessed the thunder of a John Knox: I would arise as he arose, and not fear to attack as he attacked "the monstrous regiment of women." But the task is above my powers; it calls for united effort. And I tell you, Sir, that until such effort be forthcoming we must be content to see our Alma Mater surrender one by one the ties of dignity and sentiment which bound us to her, and assume the ribald weeds of a pantomime widow.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

SILAS J. SLUGS.

~~~~~  
The Editor, "West Saxon."

SIR,

I have observed in several issues of this periodical, character studies of individuals. I waited with interest to see my own; but to my surprise have not so far recognised it among these scarcely attractive descriptions. I imagined, charitably at first, that the writer was waiting to acquire more skill, or dared not lay pen upon such a man as myself. So I announced universally my approval of this literary *genre* and my willingness to pose as a subject, without result; so I must conclude that the psychologist is of that turn of realism which prefers the base to the noble—a supposition borne out by a casual reading of his previous essays.

This neglect hurts my feelings exceedingly, but of that I say nothing. Thank God I am not a self-centred man. But the loss to the *West Saxon* is a serious matter. So at last, regretfully, since it is against my inclination and habit to speak at length of myself, I have decided to remedy the oversight by my own labour.

I must say that, without claiming to be faultless, for the noblest of men is not that—there is a something about me which distinguishes me from others. This quality is unspeakable even by myself, and recognised only by my intimates, who are few, owing purely to my reserved nature. But I feel an eminent satisfaction in knowing that those who dislike, or even (it has happened) despise me would only have to know me to realise their mistake. If I cannot allow them to know me, it is because mine is a spirit that dare not saddle itself with many ties nor be nourished by those violets of affection that may be forged by lesser minds, but which hang upon the wings of greatness until they suck dry its very sources.

And yet I feel that my greatness will always remain subjective and passive. I fear—it is a constant grief to my soul, and I cannot bear to dwell upon it—I fear that I have been born too late. The great discoveries have all been discovered, the great inventions invented. Were I capable—as, thank God, I am not—of such pettiness, I should bear a grudge against such as Plato, Galileo and Darwin, who have so cheated me. Do not misunderstand me—I do not for a moment claim that I should have done all that



## CORRESPONDENCE.

they did. I should not have had time. But it would now be as discouraging to rediscover the shape of the earth as to rewrite "Hamlet," although literature has always been one of my favourite relaxations. Although when I write poetry I am frequently touched to the quick by the ridicule and ignorant criticism of lesser minds, not entirely, I fear, untouched by envy, from which, I thank Heaven, I am absolutely free, for indeed it is never found co-resident with modesty.

Athletics have never attracted me; I used to think that riding would be a suitable and elegant pursuit; but all the horses that appeared really worthy of my choice were several hands and feet too tall for safety. Something of a like difficulty has attended my relations with women. Please do not fancy I am a misogynist. I am not. I have no objection to women; I have met some who were quite intelligent and appreciated me, and it is my belief that they can do some things better than men. I have never tried to darn a sock or nurse a baby, but I am willing to believe that a woman might here be more successful. But I have been disappointed in women. The first one I loved used to keep me waiting; I spoke to her seriously, but it made not five minutes' difference, so I was forced to leave her. She never seemed to realise what a misfortune this wretched habit had caused her, and married quite happily afterwards. Thank God, I am not a revengeful man, and only hope that no grain of regret has risen ghost-like to blur the colours of her matrimonial harmony.

The next woman I can speak of only with pain, but I am determined to conceal nothing. I will say of her that it was probably her misfortune rather than her fault. I believe, that the love of a good and unselfish man is the greatest joy in a woman's life; but I can only say that her attitude was shockingly ungrateful. On the occasion of my proposing marriage she was—I will admit all—she was stricken with shameful mirth. I have since hoped that I was mistaken, and that she was only hysterical with excitement; a feeling which I can quite understand, especially as I had prepared my action so carefully that she was probably overwhelmed. However, I have never seen her since. I am not an unforgiving man, and at times I feel impelled to mercy, but I say firmly: No. She has laughed. Let her weep.

Yours, etc.,

MISSUNDERSTOOD.

16th October, 1930.

The Editor, "West Saxon."

DEAR SIR,

May I, through your columns, draw the attention of the various technical societies in this University to the facilities provided by the National Union of Students for the organisation of "Faculty" or Study Tours abroad. It is increasingly recognised that a visit to a country or area of particular interest to the student of a specific technical subject is of very great value educationally. There is much to be learned by the student of Mining on a visit to Belgium and the Ruhr; by the student of Chemistry on a tour in Germany; by the student of Agriculture in Denmark; and so on. We need not be deterred from making such tours by apprehension of the cost or difficulties of organisation. The Travel Department of the N.U.S. has made a particular study of the special needs of Faculty tours and since it does not seek for profits or dividends, its costs are reduced to a minimum. During the last few years it has organised, at the request of University societies or departments, tours abroad for students of almost

## THE WEST SAXON.

every subject in the curriculum. It can undertake the organisation of a tour from beginning to end and obtain access to mines, factories, farms, docks or whatever may be required. There is the added advantage that members of these tours are received and entertained by students of the countries they visit.

I strongly recommend to the Officers of technical societies that in the interests of their members they should examine the possibility of a study tour and should make use of the services available to them at the N.U.S.

Yours very truly,

ERIC G. PALMER, *President.*



## TRIOLET.

I LOVED, but you were far too clever  
To be entangled in the snare.  
Your mockery, your pride's endeavour  
(I loved but you) were far too clever.  
Your vengeance went disarmed ever,  
For you were so desired and fair  
I loved (but you were far too clever !)  
To be entangled in the snare.



## MOAN. . . .

CUT yew and myrtle boughs for me,  
And dig the grave that waits despair,  
For I have paid the nightshade's fee,  
And banished care.

Her eyes are dark as night is dark,  
With glow-worm lamps between the trees,  
I thrill with her as the throat of the lark  
With her melodies.

Yea, dark and languid are her eyes,  
And pale her cheek, as moonlight gleam  
Upon the waters ; her dark eyes  
Are soft as dream.

CASCA.

## MUSICAL COMEDY.

**A**CT II, SCENE 3.—A Moonlight Wedding; and we breathed a sigh of relief, for it was late and a few minutes ago, Scene I was still occupying the boards. Luckily the moonlight wedding ceremony was finished when the curtain went up, and we only had to see the three couples parading a flight of pantomime stairs in pantomime dresses amid a carefully positioned chorus; and a quick final curtain applause, and—but we didn't stay for the calls, the bouquets, the speeches. And so another musical comedy had made its bow; so very, very like other bows, so very stiff, and Prussian in its conformity to the etiquette of bowing.

The programme called it a romantic musical play. Romantic? Well—if by romantic you mean improbable, yes; otherwise, there was some pretty but unconvincing love-making, a melodramatic general, a wealth of foreign accents, home-made products but good enough for us, some colourful backgrounds. Musical? Well, there was much music, most of it pleasant, none of it remarkable, some of it sung well, some of it not sung at all, a little remaining to taunt the brain for a few days; at least not a burnt-offering to the Great God Jazz, for which I suppose one should be grateful. A play? Oh no, surely not a play; no clash of human souls, no development of character, no line of wit or poignancy, but a puling puppet-show, where multitudinous puppets sang and talked and danced; but a Mexican girl—why not a Moorish girl? a lawyer, he might just as well be a publican; a chorus of soldiers—why not sailors? The puppets are subsidiary to their background. We must have our sense of humour titillated; our sense of spectacle satisfied, maybe satiated; our ear for a time pleased, albeit too rarely; but a play—this mass of jumbled contradictions is a very Harrod's store of entertainments, but it has left out the play; one department at least is bare and has nothing to offer us.

The musical play of to-day is notable rather for its dancing than for anything else. Here at least we have experts; the principals and chorus usually have little idea of singing, and just as little of acting; but they *can* dance—most of them. What wonderful brain is responsible for these mass gyrations in single line or double line, in square formation or in circular rotation, in diagonal symmetry, or in elaborate geometrical pattern? And what feverish spirit of terpsichore daringly performs acrobatically dangerous revolutions, preserving an illusion of grace? Truly there seems no end to the variations on the theme of dancing; and yet there is a certain sameness and regimental air about it all, that makes the burlesque efforts of the comedians very welcome. And I have more grateful memories of Miss Ada May and Mr. Leslie Henson than of any speciality ballerina or troupe of automatons.

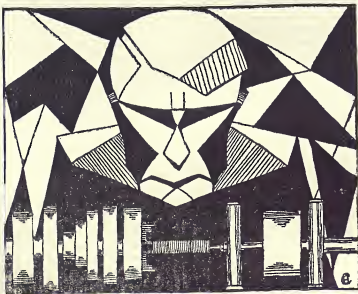
The dancing has superseded the music and the comedy, I fear. For although no musical play is complete without a comedian, few comedians are men of genius sufficient to make bricks without straw. Jokes are always re-appearing; farcical situations seem inevitably reminiscent; obesity and infidelity, drunkenness and effeminacy—on what four cracked bells do our comedians ring a carillon of flat and unprofitable chimes! Oh, for one witty line—just one; no, no iced cakes, all stale buns. They were once iced cakes! Indeed, their sea-change is sad but inevitable. Yet we still laugh, but it is the actors who force us to laugh. They triumph over their material, and a trick of voice or gesture enchants us. Mr. Henson, Mr. George Gee, Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, Mr. Stanley Lupino—these are your true laughter-makers. But where is a Feste? Where is a Chaplin? Not here.

## THE WEST SAXON.

Yet we still throng to the theatres. A successful musical comedy is a gold mine. There must be some reason for the success of these heterogeneous, senseless, Anglo-American entertainments. The music is bad enough nowadays, with Gershwin and 'Toumans silent, Rodgers a shadow of himself, Friml and Romberg deteriorated; a new star has arisen, Arthur Schwartz, but our British composers remain weakly imitative. The comedy is poor; the dancing mechanical. I have proved it; *quod est demonstrandum*; and yet—and yet—I like going to musical comedy. Why?

First of all we don't have to think, and although few of us *can* think most of us have to make an effort to think. No anxieties need trouble us except perhaps that the "song-hit" will reappear yet again. We can even go to sleep, so little is our intelligence troubled, and we are *not* an intelligent people. They use no long words, these actors and actresses, and their songs are so easy, so tuneful, so rhythmic, that we long to dance to them and buy gramophone records of them. And then the dresses are ravishing, and the love-making so delightfully naive, just like our own. There is no poverty, no misery, but all is glamour and prettiness; musical comedy is the apotheosis of insincerity, therefore we sincerely worship it.

L. R. C.



PERRAN SHORE IN WINTER.

**A**T dawn this shore was deep in gloom,  
The sea was sullen, and its listless swell  
Broke on the cliffs with stifled boom ;  
They silent stood, as listening to a knell,

And in their face, but dimly near,  
The caverns like great eyes of night  
Seemed striving through the mist to peer,  
To catch the warning van of light.

It came ; the sun had won the day,  
And now his largesse filled the land,  
He passed in state across the bay,  
And left a train, of golden sand.

The clouds were rent, and parted there,  
They passed away, great argosies of snow,  
And all the shore was passing fair,  
From cliff-top to the sea below.

Soon this shore that seems so dead,  
Within the span of one short winter's day,  
Great pageants pass and they are led,  
By sorrow and by laughter, along their common way.

A. E. C.



## SIR ROGER AT U.C.S.

**A**MONG his various activities, Sir Roger has always taken a deep interest in efforts to employ the young in useful and pleasant activities. I had often asked the good old Knight to accompany me to one of the best known institutions of this kind in the south of England, and therefore it was with great pleasure that I heard last month of his readiness to visit that of Southampton, for quoth he, "I have heard of the efforts that are being made to accommodate the young damsels in comfortable quarters, and should like to see the spacious halls in which the young gentlemen recreate themselves." Accordingly, we arrived at the Seminary unexpectedly one morning, but a glance at Sir Roger's card secured us a most courteous reception and a young guide was deputed to take us over the establishment.

Sir Roger was much pleased at the genial wit of this young man, slapping him in friendly way on the shoulder, the while approving of the efforts he made to keep out the cold by wearing a long black gown. The young gentleman, however, speedily assured us that it was customary for all the damsels and youths so to apparel themselves and by way of illustration opened the door of a room in which a goodly number of young people, similarly clad, were attending the discourse of an elderly reverend gentleman. Sir Roger observed that this gentleman, judging by his vigorous gestures and the cloud of smoke which issued as he spoke, was quite warm enough without his extra garment.

Our guide soon suggested that Sir Roger should pay a visit to the Coffee House, which he said was the crowning glory of the institution, and to this we gave ready assent. Sir Roger was impressed by the approach thereto, which he said was covered yet airy, and mentioned that a constitutional before meals had been his practice throughout life. On observing the couples conversing together leaning against the supports which the farseeing builders had erected, the knight expressed his pleasure at the friendly comradeship displayed and lapsed into not a few sentimental reflections on his youthful infatuation for the widow of the neighbouring shire. I must confess it brought the tears to my eyes to watch the benevolent expression which overspread the countenance of my old friend on our first view of the interior of the Coffee House, with its groups of young people sipping the fragrant beverage, the cheerful clatter this occasioned and the smiling faces of the serving maids. He called for his refreshment with such good humour that all the staff seemed to want to fetch it for him at once.

Our guide now began to point out the most distinguished members of the Coffee House. "There," quoth he, "is Miss X., whom I warrant you will outwit any of your Will Wimbles. She can discourse with ease on any subject you care to mention; and there," he added with evident pride, "is Mr. Y., a gentleman who is at his best in mixed society where the topics of conversation are slight. He will spend hours trying to obtain a smile or a word from any celebrated beauty. He has as fine a strut as any young man in England, and where women are not concerned is a good honest man. To save time our thoughtful guide indicated certain other members of the House pair by pair. He now regretted that he was unable to conduct us personally to the more select Coffee House adjoining which he said could only be entered on a recommendation from the very highest authorities. He resigned us, however, to the tutelage of the worthy Professor P—, who, seemingly delighted to meet my old friend, conducted us therein with little difficulty, he being a regular frequenter of the House. Sir Roger concealed with no little difficulty, a certain amount of temerity as we took our places

## SIR ROGER AT U.C.S.

round a table where other supposedly learned gentlemen were assembled, for, as he has often said to me, he does not like to be insulted with Latin and Greek over his food. Fortunately, however, we steered clear of such treacherous backwaters and Sir Roger maintained his part in the conversation with intrepidity.

As we returned from our refreshment we were not a little astonished to see several of the young maidens running, jumping and generally exercising themselves in a building, which, quoth Sir Roger, was for all the world like the barn of his which had fallen down during the previous winter. My friend remarked that for his part he liked exercise as much as anyone, but he would not like any daughter of his to be subject to such violent treatment. It was with difficulty that I restrained him from entering to expostulate with the leader of the games, for says he, "Such gestures are enough to call down the wrath of Moll White."

Soon afterwards we were fortunate enough to fall in with our former guide, who knowing that Sir Roger would be delighted at the spectacle of whole-hearted application to study, conducted us to the Library of the Institution. The good old man was overjoyed at the eagerness displayed by the young people in their climbs for knowledge, and joined in the stamps of admiration which rewarded each successful return from a risky hunt with such eagerness that we attracted to ourselves more attention than I, for one, cared to see. My friend, however, unmoved, waited till the sound of a bell warned us that lunch was served and watched with manifest approval the rapidity with which the room was emptied, saying that he wished Will Wimble could take example from such punctuality.

I was heartily glad to see the friendly smiles of the young people which centred on my friend throughout the meal, nor did they suffer us to leave before they had expressed their gratification at our visit. This was performed in somewhat singular manner, but we gathered that a fitting anxiety for Sir Roger's well-being was the import of their speeches. I need scarcely tell the reader of my renewed pride in my old friend as I beheld him rise to his feet to reply to the good wishes. Deeming by the clatter of cutlery that they were desirous of more victuals, he did not keep them long however; he has since confided to me that he proposes sending them some fitches of bacon and good Worcestershire ale before his next visit.

The conclusion of our inspection consisted of an introduction to the venerable father of the Institution, who would fain have risen to greet Sir Roger had that been possible under the circumstances. Later in the day we left the Institution amid a double row of youths and damsels, bowing and smiling their farewells with fitting decorum.

The diversions of our visit, the excellent weather with which I hear Southampton is always favoured, and the comments of my dear old friend went to make up an enjoyable day as ever I have met with on my travels.

SPECTATOR.



VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

PROF. C-CK.

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute."—*Cowper*.

MR. -NGL-ND.

"I never felt the kiss of love  
Nor maiden's hand in mine."—*Sedley*.

MR. -SHM-RE.

"Listen, the mighty being is awake  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly."—*Wordsworth*.

MR. B. AND THE STONEHAM BUGLE.

"—— in his hand  
The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
Soul animating strains—alas!——"—*Wordsworth*.

MISS B. B.

"Oh! fat white woman whom nobody loves."—*Francis Cornford*.

FRESHERS.

"Who are these coming to the sacrifice."—*Keats*.

MR. C-L-M-N.

" . . . for fate  
Had pour immortal oil upon his head."—*Keats*.

STONEHAM.

"What bell was that? Ah, me, too much I know."—*Cowley*.

MR. N--SH.

"Willie's rare, and Willie's fair  
And Willie's wondrous bonny."—*Anon*.

MISSES -D-MS.

"One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons."—*Shakespeare*.

A FRESHER'S LAMENT.

"Oh shall I never, never be home again."—*J. E. Flecker*.

MR. P-LM-R.

"Five years have passed; five summers with the length  
Of five long winters."—*Wordsworth*.



## VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE.

RAGGING.

"And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets."—*Shakespeare*.

-ND- TO B-NZ-

"Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe  
Thou foundst me poor at first and keepst me so."—*Goldsmith*.

FRESHERS' SMOKER.

"I see you're inhaling tobacco,  
Puffing, smoking, spitting;  
—I do not object to your spitting."—*Chesterton*.

PAUL JONES.

"God match me with a good dancer."—*Shakespeare*.

MR. W. V. SM-TH.

"My wit's diseased."—*Shakespeare*.

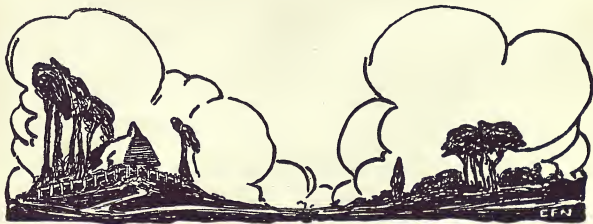
THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

"... we are out of tune,  
It moves us not."—*Wordsworth*.

REFEC. MENU.

"—, bananas, brown bread."—*Anon.*

## THE THREE DISGRACES.



## VANA SPES.

I WANT to be soulful. I like soulful folk. I like to watch them gaze wistfully at nothing or listen to music with half-closed eyes and seraphic expressions; I like to hear them quote poetry with voices that quiver with emotion; I envy them the beauty they can see in modernist art. So I want to be soulful. But neither was I born soulful nor did I have soulfulness thrust upon me. So how am I to achieve it?

I have tried all the means I can think of. Alcohol had the opposite effect. Either I went to sleep like an Alderman on a Sunday afternoon, or I set the welkin ringing with taproom ditties. My nearest approach to soulfulness was a head like a saw-mill, a tongue like pile velvet and a deep and hearty loathing of life and humanity.

I turned my attention to the countryside. I went for walks by the river, but was stung by nettles and bitten by gnats. I tramped over the Downs, but I ended my tramp in a bungalow settlement, and came home on a bus discussing the Derby with the conductor, who, having won five shillings in a sweepstake, was an authority on the subject. I tried to listen to the nightingale. I heard an owl and caught a cold from standing in wet grass. I had finally heard it by accident over the wireless. Then it made a series of howls like a self starter, and even that got mixed up somehow with a xylophone solo from Paris, a military band from Birmingham, a symphony from Berlin, and Ambrose's Orchestra from the Mayfair Hotel. Perhaps it didn't have a fair chance.

I tried the Arts. But I couldn't understand any literature except Ethel M. Dell and Wodehouse. I preferred Horatio Nicholls to Bartok, and as for modern painting and sculpture, it seemed either incomprehensible or unnecessary, and sometimes both.

Then I fell in love. I wrote sonnets about her (she never saw them). I said her eyes were like stars shimmering in the river, her hair like sunbeams breaking through a beech wood in autumn. She played tennis and hockey. So I compared her to Diana and credited her with the same virtues. But it was all wrong—and I knew it. She had pale blue eyes; her hair was dull and greasy and hung "like flax on a distaff;" and I don't suppose the "queen and huntress, chaste and fair" ever exchanged doubtful limericks over a tea-cup. Don't think I wasn't very much in love—I was. But as an experiment in practical soulfulness it was a failure.

So I'm forced to remain like Gilbert's "ordinary sort of a man" who

"Thought suburban hops  
Were better than Monday pops,  
Was fond of his dinner  
And didn't get thinner  
On bottled beer and chops."

And I want to be soulful. Must one be born so, or is soulfulness only a pose?

### EDITOR'S NOTE TO ABOVE.

A thousand thanks for your scepticism. It's quite healthy. But don't be cynical. A cynic is a pessimist with a sense of defeat, a sceptic is the same fellow with a sense of humour. If you can't be soulful you are a pessimist. You fell in love—a good beginning; youthful ecstasy no doubt, then a handful of dreams and a racking disillusion productive of some sonnets she never saw. If they were really good you would have shown them to her. Do it again. Elaborate the stars and sunbeams this time and fall in love with someone who really thinks you are unfit to latch her shoelace.

VANA SPES.

On, Happy Youth, the glory of the hunt is in the chase, not in the kill. You know that, subconsciously, without knowing it. Indulge in a little tender sadness and attempt to suffer as exquisitely as some of those soulful people you won't understand, Shelley for instance. "Car je dis en verité chaque désir m'a plus enrichi que la possession toujours fausse de l'objet même de mon désir."

" Though the sedge is withered from the lake  
And no birds sing."

Soulfulness isn't a pose, it's a phase of development. Hurry up and get it over and send us the results and we'll tell you if you've succeeded. Meanwhile we feel it incumbent on us to apologise for this effervescent note, but the fact that this is an augmented edition permits its inclusion.



LINES.

MINE eyes grow dim, my lyre is dumb,  
The Muses' voice is still,  
And Pan, in spite of song and dance,  
Sits silent by a rill.  
These see not, sing not, all is done ;  
The paeon and the songs  
Are mute within the singer's throat,  
The right is one with wrong  
. . . . .

The naiads coil their dank black hair  
Like beauties in a dream,  
The oreads sit, calm and fair  
Beside the slow, still stream  
Where once they lingered at their ease  
In woodlands cool and deep,  
The dryads glide between the trees,  
Heavy with ancient sleep.

C. A. S.

## ON Highbrows.

A DEPRESSINGLY large number of people do not consider the acquirement of culture as important. From this source has come the term highbrow. It signifies, for them, someone who holds queer views about music, literature and similar "relaxations"; views absurdly and pretentiously different from those of the average man. The highbrow is, in such company, anti-social, for he cannot get enthusiastic about Edgar Wallace and "In a Monastery Garden," which everybody recognises as jolly good. For social intercourse permits of little above the highest common factor of the ideas of the people concerned. The highbrow annoys because he is not content with this and may, when charged with the crime, unashamedly acknowledge it and wax belligerent and "superior." He is considered at best a martyr to his ideas, yet, like all martyrs, he is covertly admired for enduring that most difficult and painful thing, disagreement with one's fellow creatures.

The popular view of a subject is that held by most of the people who think about it; the highbrow view is that held by the people who think most about it. To illustrate this point, let us consider this difference of opinion in the case of modern novels. Most people who read novels prefer Edgar Wallace, Sidney Horler, Kathleen Rhodes, Berta Ruck (whose admirers included the late Sir Ray Lankester, a zoologist of the highest standing) and others of that ilk. What do the highbrows read? The precious and ultra-modern kind exalt Aldous Huxley (for whom "life is a silly comic mess and in war only a little sillier and a little more comic"), D. H. Lawrence (whose mind is acknowledged even by the admirers of his craftsmanship to have been morbidly sex-obsessed), and Gertrude Stein, whose sentences go mad like this: "writing WestWestWest for Saxon, Saxon writing writing for I I for West Saxon am am I writing West for Saxon I am I I." But there is a saner sort of person, who is yet considered highbrow by many, the sort who can acknowledge what of genius there is in these writers and also revel in the glorious profusion of ideas of H. G. Wells (who confesses that he took little trouble over the craft of writing), who can delight in the exquisite work of Thornton Wilde, "tempered with an incessant refining of thought," who can appreciate the melancholy intensity of a Hardy novel and still forgive Mr. Priestly the improbable plot of "The Good Companions" when lost in its richness, its vitality and the dexterous beauty of its sentences. It is with this sort of highbrow that students have most in common; perhaps so much that they scarcely realise that this point of view is anywhere considered highbrow. In that case, dear innocents, read again my first paragraph: it is in this wise that ye are looked upon!

I have mentioned two sorts of highbrows. What sort of people comprise the first? The Fleur Forsytes of this world and the precious young intellectuals of Bloomsbury who try to perform the impossible feat of establishing a culture divorced from tradition. Now it is impossible to put tradition on one side in your thinking: you cannot get away from your feet even if you object to standing on them: you can deny their use and try to stand on your head, but your feet will still be there and the result will be discomfort, instability and grotesque absurdity. You cannot get a new culture by being theoretical. I venture to suggest that some modern artists think it is possible. They have said: "The foundation of art is rhythm, therefore we will not paint landscapes or portraits but rhythm. One might as well paint x's!"

I think Gertrude Stein has reasoned similarly; that what really satisfies us in literature is the pattern and sound of the words: that the writer's job is, therefore, to make an entrancing pattern and not to bother with conventional ideas of grammar.

## ON Highbrows.

But surely these abstractions must be expressed concretely, in terms of something with which we are familiar. We can appreciate things rhythmic, but not rhythm, the abstraction and nothing but the abstraction.

These theorising highbrows, if they are sincere and not merely poseurs, are specialists who have lost their sense of proportion. This type should therefore be rare among students; for we have little or no excuse if we do not try to "see life steadily and see it whole." From the student ranks should be recruited many regiments of this army of broad-minded, catholic highbrows, whose duty it is to fight for the preservation and dissemination of culture.

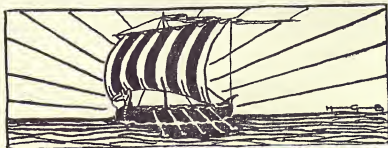
E. H. CLARK.



## SUN.

THE earliest light came dim and sober gray,  
The Channel swathed in gray and silent haze  
Rolled sullenly its billows, and the day  
Began mysterious, as the Sibyl's gaze.  
I watched the heaving waters sweeping past,  
I heard the wheeling seagull's desolate cry,  
The dismal creak of lanterns on the mast  
A tear of sadness glistened in my eye;  
Then mounted slow the flaming, golden orb,  
Dispelled by magic all the sombre gloom,  
In tortured wreathes the mists swept swift away;  
At Phoebus' blaze Night read anew her doom.  
And Night with all her dark and shadowy train  
Then vanished, and my heart revived again.

B. W. C.



## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

THE most prominent members of our College Society have been singularly inactive of late. This may be due to hard work, which I admit was not a previous virtue among them. But they still have their various little pleasantries, their whimsicalities and quaint drolleries, which I will endeavour to communicate to you.

Rumour has it that Mr. Oakless, of Block A, South Stoneham House, has added fresh songs to his repertoire. Unfortunately (according to Mr. Oakless), neither his adjacent fellows nor the dwellers in Block C can appreciate his robust bass voice, so we have not been able to catch more than one line of his new songs. This is a great loss to the community, for, as Mr. Oakless himself says, when one is trying to elevate the taste of a house, he [*sic*] should be encouraged in every way. I myself have no objection to a basso profundo thundering "Pirates of Penzance" or equally popular music, even in the early morning. But I am in a minority of one, this being due to my slight deafness and the fact that I am some miles from our chorister's abode. Even the Warden, so I am told, has commanded Mr. Oakless to cease disturbing him. When annoyed by these Philistines, Mr. Oakless takes refuge in another mode of expression, which he fondly imagines to be witty, and which sounds like the efforts of a motor-horn at articulation. This too has become a public nuisance, so I am informed, but it is agreed to tolerate Mr. Oakless, as it is highly probable that a well-deserved fate will meet him next session.

I had an interview with Mr. Brighter this morning. Mr. Brighter was playing bridge, a game which appeals to his intellect, possibly because it is so simple. That is probably the reason why he and his partner were invariably "one down" this morning. However, that is hardly *à propos*; and bridge is not his game, as Mr. Brighter explained to me. Tennis is his game, but again it seems to be a case of a "mute, inglorious Milton." Let the simile seem a trifle *recherché*, let me remind you that Milton was also unfortunate with women. Mr. Brighter's opinions on the tennis team were delivered with considerable *sang froid*, the team being absent, and doubtless he feels sorely on this subject, for, as he said to me, what is the use of having a second Austin in the college, if he was not made use of? I replied that I hadn't seen the new model, and this puzzled Mr. Brighter, till I explained that I preferred a Morgan myself, and then he was hurt.

Tactfully I changed the subject and asked Mr. Brighter if it were true that he had accepted the offer of the Southampton Labour Party to be its President. He denied the allegation, saying that the offer had been made to Mr. Mustardill, anyhow, he being suspected of treason to his Party. He (Mr. Brighter) would never desert his Party (at that someone started whistling "God Save the King" and Mr. Brighter patriotically tried to stand. Finding some difficulty in lifting his weight, he did not succeed in rising to attention until the whistling had finished, and someone thoughtlessly started to whistle the "Red Flag" just as Mr. Brighter brought up his hand to salute; doubtless he would have remained thus had not his opponent, Mr. Mustardill, angrily asked him what the devil he thought he was doing, encouraging sedition, and Mr. Brighter said what the devil did his subordinate mean. Well, when it was pointed out to him that the "Red Flag" was being sung, he muttered that he thought it was "Rule Britannia" and he never did have an ear for music, anyway. At that juncture I thought it best to retire, not wishing to see His Majesty's loyal servant in the unusual position of being in the wrong.

Mr. de Feet, one of the most talented of our younger generation, and real Leonardo

## SOCIETY GOSSIP.

da Vinci of the modern age, our billiards champion, our pianist of all the talents, our rugger expert, our all-round cricketer, our reckless motorist, our famous wit, our romantic tenor, our elegant dandy, our native of Virginia—Mr. de Feet, I say, was peevish this morning. He was strumming on the piano; when I asked him the name of the excerpt he was playing, he remarked that it was "Light Cavalry," at which I opined that perhaps it was "Heavy Cavalry" but in any case surely a cavalry's action was rhythmical. At this he retaliated by playing a popular tune in the most exquisite discord, explaining it as modern harmony. This offended my ears, so I engaged Mr. de Feet in pleasant conversation, realising that an hour of truly Attic wit would furnish me with innumerable *bons mots*. Mr. de Feet very kindly informed me that flannel suitings were being worn this season, and then he told me a long story, which I failed to see funny. This did not disturb his equanimity. Nay, he told me that only a superior intellect could appreciate that—haw, haw! Then did I heartily say haw, haw! thinking that indeed was vastly funny.

Mr. de Feet was quite unperturbed at my rudeness; indeed, a charming indifference to rudeness is his especial virtue, although some cynical people call it something else. I then asked him whether he considered pepper or salt the best material for ammunition at table, and he replied that he preferred salt, as it was also good for growing plants. From salt we quickly passed to cricket, but this was not too popular a subject of conversation, as I enthusiastically praised the doings of the first team. However, I put that right by asking him to sing, and he obliged me by running the whole gamut of emotions from sparkling eyes to motley, all without a change of expression, which was a source of anxiety to me, as I feared lest he should be transfixed and perpetually doomed to wear that expression, which can be seen at any moment on application to Mr. Cokestraw, a talented mimic.

L. R. C.



#### BURBLE.

**Y**OUR eyes were blue  
and you  
seemed true  
until I knew  
what he did to you ;  
my cheerful brow  
is clou-  
ded now :  
I can't think how  
you could break your vow,  
I should despair  
and tear  
my hair,  
but I don't care  
that he met you there.  
Don't want to fight ;  
I'm quite  
alright,  
I found to-night  
a large Black and White  
is hotter than you when I'm almost tight.



#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of magazines from the following :—

Birmingham University.  
Leeds University.  
Reading University.  
University of Witwatersrand.  
University College, Transvaal.  
Natal University College.  
Rhodes University College.  
University College, Hull.  
King Alfred's College, Winchester.  
Armstrong College.  
The Grammar School, Portsmouth.

We apologise for the non-recognition of magazines not included in the above list but received by us regularly from time to time.



## HOT AIR.

NEVER to write unless possessed of something worthy to be said and of profit to humanity: this is one of the most illustrious pieces of advice which I bore with me from my school into a world where such advice might not be deemed amiss. It was given me by one of the more obscure sages of the world, and one most rare—in that he practised as he preached. For the rest, I have met it often since notably from the pen of that grand and wholesome sinner, Hilaire Belloc.

This conjunction, after long ignoring of it, I now summon to my aid with all the self-righteousness in the world, finding myself, as I do, labouring under a burden of obligation to one who, though not, in the true sense of the word, dead, has yet passed from our midst. And should not the last will and testament of such a one be treated with as much consideration as if he were indeed passed from this life, seeing that he is in very fact passed at least from *our* lives?

Even so, our Editor that was, as he "went down" filled with a great sorrow for that he had not, in the sweat of his brow, managed to produce this journal last term, took me aside privily, and with tears and much sighing bade me, as I loved him, concern myself during my vacation, with the production of such masterpieces as I might see fit, to the end that the deficiency might be made good, and the editorial argosies be once more floated. *Sic fatur lacrimans* and then he passed on.

Meanwhile here am I left grappling with the very devil of a problem—what to write—and debating in my mind conflicting obligations: on the one hand my principles and on the other fidelity to the memory of our dear departed. Wherein the enlightened reader may behold reflected the tragedy of all human activity: a struggling against odds with perhaps a certain measure of success, but always with failure as a final certainty. And the individuals pass on, leaving their little problems to other poor unfortunates—like myself—who in turn, maybe, pass them on to others. And when the hour is ripe they solve themselves and this is called progress and the fabric of existence mounts up and up, over the little personalities—to what end who shall say?

Witness for example this article of mine (saving the mark!). Here it is, solving itself beautifully. This term's "West Saxon" will be of a very high standard; there is no doubt. And to whose credit? Mine, you will doubtless reply. No, dear reader, in all modesty, I must decline the honour: chance, mere chance. Why now, instead of last term? Mere concatenation of circumstance. And even so with all human institutions "We are such stuff as dreams are made of" as unexpected, as illogical.

Which I call a very pretty little article. Now may the soul of our sometime Editor who is no more, rest in peace and cease to trouble me.

WILHELMUS PEREGRINUS.



TO ERVILL.

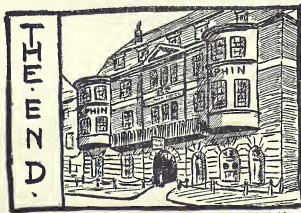
MUST I, Oh Ervill, love one maid alone  
And be dependent here for all my bliss ?  
If Celia grows weary of my kiss  
I'll back to Chloe now she's eager grown.

And so "poor Chloe" will not pine in vain,  
For Chloe nothing of my Celia knows ;  
And then if Celia some resentment shows,  
Why, she can have no cause now to complain.

So if I leave her straightway, she'll not taste  
A surfeit of my sweets or "mournful lay,"  
And I'll await, while I with Chloe play,  
At leisure to return who quits in haste.

For when she knows my love is all her own  
Chloe as well will weary of poor me ;  
But where I love and there find constancy  
Oh Ervill, she is mine, I hers alone.

NAMON.





**F**OLLOWING the example of its predecessors this Summer Term has been remarkable rather for its lack of incident than for any other reason. Union Societies have for the most part been content to wind up their affairs and endeavour to establish a balance at the bank.

Nevertheless, such inactivity has not prevented this term from being probably the most agreeable of the Session and the College authorities deserve particular commendation for their foresight in having the new lawn and terraces laid early in readiness for the hot weather. The terraces have proved of outstanding value both to those who work and to those who desire to rest after labour.

Early in the term the Rag Committee were able to hand over a sum of £300 to the various Charities supported, as a first instalment of the proceeds of Rag Day. It has also been decided to complete the endowment of a cot at the Hospital from the balance reserved from the 1929 Rag.

The Choral and Orchestral Society, contrary to its usual practice, has continued to hold its weekly meetings and members have been given the opportunity of an hour's glee-singing. A very successful dinner-hour concert was recently given by this Society.

The constitution of the Union has again been subjected to certain minor amendments but remains fundamentally unaltered.

The elections for the various officials of the Union and its dependent Societies are now almost completed and our congratulations are due to those elected, particularly to Mr. E. G. Palmer, the new President.

The last week of term promises to be rather busier than any of its forerunners. The Duke of York will open the new Highfield Hall on July 1st, when we hope to give him a really hearty welcome and this ceremony will be followed by a Garden Party in the grounds of South Stoneham.

The Going-Down Dinner will be held on Wednesday, July 2nd, and it is hoped that there will be a large gathering as a fitting close to a very active session.

## THE WEST SAXON.

### CHORAL SOCIETY.

THIS term the Society has continued its weekly meetings and has devoted its time to the study of glees, under the direction of Mr. Williams. Keeness amongst the members has been well maintained, and attendances have been good. On Thursday, 12th June, five items were contributed to the lunch-hour concert, and, judging by the applause, the performances were much appreciated. "Bobby Shaftoe," that delightful north country folk-tune, was repeated by request.

This session, it is considered, has been one of the most successful that the Society has had.

B. W. G.

### THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Biological Society has just completed the second session of its existence, and the latter has been amply justified. This session saw some noteworthy changes in the Society. Some of the lectures were given by students, and in future all official positions are to be held by students, thus enhancing the value of the Society as a student organisation.

The membership has increased considerably this year owing largely to a great influx of students reading Biology. It is proposed in future to hold the lectures on Fridays, instead of on Tuesdays as formerly, in order to facilitate attendance; the latter having suffered somewhat as a consequence of Society overcrowding.

Biology has its attractions for most people and although, it is often viewed from quaint standpoints, the lectures are mostly varied enough to appeal alike to tyro or professor in certain aspects. We are, then, looking forward, with no little cause for hope, to another successful session.

M. J. G.

### LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY REPORT.

LITTLE can be said of the activities of this Society for this term, since we were forced to cancel the main social function of the year—the Tea Dance—by the threatened outbreak of measles.

Nevertheless those members who were present at the meeting at which Col. C. F. Dobbs spoke on "The Reduction of Armaments—with special reference to the London Naval Conference," obviously appreciated the concise nature of the address since the subsequent discussion was only terminated by the 2 o'clock bell.

The final meeting of the session has been arranged for Friday, June 27th, when Dr. Rutherford is speaking on "The Simon Commission Report." We trust that this will attract a really large audience and so form a fitting conclusion to the term's activities.

I. C.

### CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

THE year 1929—30 was quite a success for the Catholic Society, and the series of monthly meetings included some interesting discourses, and an address by Father Rice. The coming year seems to hold promise of further successful development for the Society by the advent of many new members to whom we would take this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome. The programme for this session, with its usual papers by members, will also include an address during this term by Father Martendale, S.J., prior to his going abroad.

E. T.

## UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

### STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



**T**HIS term the Students' Geographical Society is glad to welcome many new members from amongst the Juniors. The Society has held up to date two successful meetings.

At the first, Professor O. H. T. Rishbeth gave an illustrated lecture on "Wessex." He dealt with the structure of the area, and went on to show the relation of the structure to the particular types of scenery to be found. His whole talk was illustrated with well-chosen slides, which showed some of the many places of beauty and interest in the area. The meeting was very interesting to all, introducing the newcomers to the district and showing those who have been at College longer how much we still

have to see in the neighbourhood.

Brigadier-General Winterbotham, C.M.B., D.S.O., the new Director-General of the Ordnance Survey, addressed the second meeting of the year. He gave an informative and witty account of his experiences in Tropical Africa. He described the characters of the various native races, and dealt with the peculiar difficulties that had to be faced in the government of the country. His verbal pictures were so vivid that no slides were needed to enable his audience to visualise the scenes. He surprised most of his hearers by explaining how, by a comparatively easy piece of engineering, the Nile might be diverted from its present course to flow into the Indian Ocean! The Brigadier concluded his talk by giving a brief account of Britain's present position in Central Africa, and showed us that we have every reason to be optimistic concerning the future.

This term's programme will include an illustrated account by two students of their experiences whilst on a cycling tour in Belgium and Germany.

C. R. P. D.

### STAGE SOCIETY.

**T**HE great success of last year's production and the general interest shown in the Playreading Club encourages us to believe that we are about to enjoy a "record" season.

"The Taming of the Shrew," read on the back lawns of the College, on a peaceful summer afternoon was much appreciated, and "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure" was acted in very spirited and lively fashion. Playreading is regarded as our histrionic test ground and as meetings have begun once more, everybody who would like to read a part is urged to put on one side his negative self-feeling, and give in his name to the Secretary, or any member of the Committee (*vide* Union Diary). Rehearsals for "The Dover Road" are proceeding very satisfactorily. We look to the entire College for support at the Students' Performance on November 27th, and it is our sincere hope that you will enjoy the play.

B. W. C.

## THE WEST SAXON.

### BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY, SESSION 1930—31.

This session marks a still further advance in the history of the Biological Society. Last year saw the advent of Student Lecturers—this year, of Student Officers—all acting officers now being elected solely from the students. The Society is to be congratulated upon having elected Mr. M. J. Glenn as its first Student President.

The first lecture of the session—the Presidential Address, was given by Mr. Glenn on October 17th. Its interest and success mark the beginning of the most promising programme that is before the Society this session.

The number of members continues to increase, and now consists of well over a hundred.

S. U. W.

### SOIRÉE COMMITTEE REPORT.

**T**HIS year we are rather fortunate in having the whole of last session's Soirée Committee which has been considerably strengthened by the addition of Mr.

A. J. Cooper. I am sure that all students will join with me in congratulating Mr. F. Oakley on his election to the Presidency after having served on the Committee for two years in succession (1928—1930).

The Committee are willing workers, and only ask as reward the wholehearted co-operation of the general student body. The success of the soirées from their social and financial aspects depends entirely upon the support given to them by the members of the Union. Last season the soirées were unqualified successes from the social point of view, but unfortunately this success was rather marred by an adverse financial balance at the end of the session.

In order to prevent the recurrence of this unfortunate state of affairs, the Committee has formulated a new scheme which will come into operation after the first soirée of the session. By the time this number is published the new arrangement will have been issued to the various hostels and halls.

We have already enjoyed one soirée this session and are eagerly looking forward to the Grand Carnival Soirée on Saturday, December 6th, for which occasion the services of Harry Lawrence and his band have been procured, and on which occasion the powers that be will grant us an extension until almost midnight. Believe me, this is going to be the greatest social event which the College has ever seen, or is ever likely to experience in the future.

VIDEO.

### DEBATING SOCIETY.

**T**HERE are some things which one is not expected to say, not even in private. In print, then, we must be careful. But when people are eager to attend Study

Groups where they discuss ardently the Economic Condition of Europe or the State of their own Souls, and then attempt to persuade us that they are too shy to debate, we can only accuse them of false modesty; and when they say they cannot speak our only retort is that at times we wish we are deaf. But things aren't so bad. We have already staged two debates, and would have managed a third but for the nomadic tendencies of two members who had promised to speak. We proved beyond doubt that Betting is not a healthy form of obtaining excitement, and also that pleasure should be the aim of Life.

But . . . wait for next term . . . and, meanwhile, admit that you are not really shy.

B. B., Sec. Deb. Soc.



### HARRIERS AND ATHLETIC CLUB.

THE activities of the Harriers this session have met with a considerable amount of success. After a somewhat unsteady start, subjected to varying conditions the team settled down to a smooth performance. The team was recruited almost entirely from the freshers. F. Knibbs was the genius who inspired the Harriers to gain several victories, he himself not having been beaten throughout the season except, of course, in the U.A.U. championships at Reading, where he was dogged by bad fortune.

Coming now to Athletics, F. Knibbs must be again mentioned, coupled this time with C. Barstone. Both represented the College at the U.A.U. championships this year, and were also chosen for the first triangular match between the British Universities, the Atalanta Club and the Achilles Club. In ordinary activities the team has been very successful. F. Knibbs must be congratulated on gaining the 1-mile championship of Hampshire this Whitsun.

We trust that any gap in the Club caused by men going down, will be ably filled by next year's freshers, so that the athletic prestige of the College may be further raised.

M. J. G.

### BOAT CLUB NOTES.

AT the end of this the Boat Club's first session we may look back to a most successful season, successful in that we have won matches, in that we have trained men to carry on during the coming sessions, and in that we have established a Club which must in a short time play an integral part in College sport.

"Tubbing" and training have been going on steadily throughout the Lent and Summer Terms, and the keenness with which men entered into rowing has never diminished, and it is on these grounds that we look forward to a still more successful season in 1931.

The First IV was decided on early in this term, and along with a fluctuating 2nd IV, they were put into strict training for the Bristol match. The race was rowed on the University course at Saltford on May 24th and resulted in the first and second College fours defeating the respective Bristol crews. The 1st IV were up against a very stylish crew that had been together for some months. In spite of an erratic start after a few strokes the College four got well together, and in a spurt gained the





## THE WEST SAXON.

lead, which they managed to keep and won by a length and a half. The second crew, too, got well away at the beginning, and rowing hard increased the lead to win comfortably by three lengths.

The 1st IV spent a pleasant day on June 9th at Evesham Regatta, where they competed for the Members' Prize for Maiden Fours. They reached the third round and among their achievements provided a sensation by stopping before the finish under a misapprehension. Their opponents (Worcester College) were allowed to catch up, but by a brilliant spurt our crew won by half a length.

The success of the Club has been due also to help received from members of the staff. Mr. R. Casson has taken his duty as coach very seriously, and it is mainly due to his assistance that we have been able to carry out our fixtures. Mr. R. Whitehead has been very helpful in coaching in less advanced (but more difficult) stages. The 1st IV will lose F. G. Farbridge (3) and J. L. King (bow), the latter has captained the Club throughout this session, and to him to a large degree is due the efficiency of organisation. The Boat House has just been built in the grounds of South Stoneham through the generosity of the College officials, and will soon be ready for use. The Boat Club functions throughout the winter terms, and it is hoped that even in the rigours of winter members of the Union will be attracted to this manly sport.

E. S. E.

## TENNIS, 1930.

THE final result of this season's tennis is an improvement on that of last year. The first teams have played 18 matches; won 8, lost 7 and drawn 3.

The teams have done better against Exeter and Goldsmiths than last year, although the best we could do against Goldsmiths was to draw in the home match.

The second teams have produced a good record; having lost only one match.

We have been favoured with good weather for all important matches, having had to abandon only one match on account of rain.

There have been no additions to the team to obtain full colours, but the results show that the general standard has improved. We have been fortunate in not having to change our 1st team throughout the season.

K. R. W.

## CRICKET.

THE annual fixture of the College Cricket Club with University College, Exeter, was played at Stoneham on Saturday, 21st June, in rather dull weather. The College won the toss and elected to bat first. They opened rather disastrously, 7 wickets falling for 35 runs, but a stand by Dunford (15) and Millar (28) rather altered the position and together with a steady innings by Robertson (11), the score was carried to 91.

The Exeter innings opened in a most sensational manner, 4 wickets falling for 2 runs, and the whole side being dismissed for 24 runs, leaving the College victors by 67 runs.

A feature of the match was the magnificent bowling by Norman, who took 5 wickets for 10 runs; the fielding of the team was blameless. Robertson was outstanding in making three spectacular slip catches.



## ATHLETICS.

During the whole of the season the Cricket Club has played 12 matches without a defeat, and—as far as can be ascertained in the cricket history of the College—the Club has defeated Goldsmiths College, London, for the first time.

In the Universities Athletic Union matches Exeter was beaten (as noted above) and the College was in a very favourable position when the rain stopped play at Bristol.

Norman and Warren have bowled consistently well throughout the season—Norman claiming 33 wickets for an average of 8.3 runs and Warren 22 for 9.5. It is comforting to note also that ten of the members of the year's team will be with the College again next year.

## SOCGER.

**T**HIS season promises to be the most successful for several years. We have nearly all of last year's team left and two or three promising freshmen have joined the ranks. Unfortunately, injuries of a serious nature have disarranged the team, but the newly-arranged team is working splendidly. Dan Cassidy deserves special mention at centre half, but everyone seems to be playing with the spirit that shows fine sportsmanship and determination. Up to the present the 1st XI have played five games and won all five, having 27 goals for and only 4 against. The second XI is also going to do well this year, and although they have not started in so brilliant a fashion as the 1st XI they are confident of a very successful season. For the first time we are running a 3rd XI and although they have not played any games up to the present, they shew good form and combination in practices.

K. E. P.

## CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

**T**HE old Harriers and Athletic Club enjoyed a very successful season during the last session. It has been decided, however, to increase the efficiency of our Athletics organisation by splitting the old club into two divisions, the Cross Country Club operating in winter, and the Athletic Club in summer. Two overwhelming victories were obtained during last year's cross-country season, over University College, Exeter, and King's College, London. Five old colours remain to form the nucleus of a good cross country team, and we have begun well by heavily defeating Winchester Training College at Winchester on October 18th. Our severest tests against King's, Bristol and Exeter have yet to come, but we are audacious enough to hope for similar results.

K. C.

## R.F.C.

**W**ITH most of last season's "colours" and a good supply of promising "freshers," to choose from, the Rugger team is considerably strengthened. The pack is heavier than usual, and the threes have shown initiative in using their opportunities. The team shows signs of developing into a really strong combination.

It was unfortunate that we had to visit Bristol University so early in the season, before the team had had time to settle down. Although we were by no means disgraced, our opponents, thanks largely to their greater weight and experience, won a fast and strenuous game by 16 points to 6. We hope to have our revenge on Exeter next week.

Of our other matches we have so far won three, and lost one.

The "A" XV has been very successful, having won all of its matches by large scores.

E. G. S.

## THE WEST SAXON.

### MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

THE Men's Hockey Club has started its season true to tradition by losing its opening matches. Unlike former years, however, the imminence of the Inter-Varsity games decreed that experiments should be made—and made quickly. Inspiration was not lacking and bold measures have been taken in re-arrangement of the team with the very pleasing result that the first victory was gained away. First impressions had indicated a sound defence, a really good line of halves, and forwards of undoubted individual ability but lacking in co-ordination and that very elusive but very essential property of “finish.” These impressions very largely materialised, but by breaking up the halves—a remnant of last year's XI—the re-arranged forward line appears to have been given some much needed scoring power, whilst the defence still remains sound. Whilst it is manifestly too early to estimate the real worth of the team it seems likely that last year's record will be considerably improved upon.

That frail offspring of the club—the 2nd XI—which made a fleeting appearance last season, seems to be developing into a lusty infant. One match has been played and lost, after a very close game. At present the team makes up in enthusiasm what it lacks in experience—let us hope that increased experience will not bring as a corollary decreased enthusiasm!

R. S. S.



### U.C.S. DELEGATION TO BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY JUBILEE.

TWO delegates from U.C.S. attended the Jubilee Celebrations of the University of Birmingham from October 10th—14th. The hospitality extended by the University was extraordinarily cordial and generous. One of the most important incidents in the proceedings was the opening of a new and magnificently appointed Union building, costing more than £30,000. The entire sum was provided by Sir Charles Hyde, who has always been a generous patron of the Birmingham University. This new Union building contains a noble banqueting hall, many luxurious common-rooms and a fully equipped block of offices. It is to be controlled entirely by the Birmingham Guild of Undergraduates.

Our delegates were lavishly entertained and spent three days as guests of the University.

I. C.  
B. W. C.



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